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TIGERS BEAT DARTMOUTH IN FLUKIEST PLAY EVER SEEN ON ANY GRIDIRON

But for De Witt's Accidental Field Goal in Final Quarter Great Game Would Have Ended Without Scoring on Either Side.

FINAL SCORE, PRINCETON, 3; DARTMOUTH, 0.

BY ROBERT EDGAR, N.
Special to The Evening World.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 11.—Princeton beat Dartmouth on Princeton Field today by the most astonishing fluke ever seen on any gridiron. Even the Princeton rooters were full of sympathy for the game team that had lost without being beaten. The score came in the last quarter, when De Witt's try for a field goal sent the ball so low that it rolled along the ground toward the goal posts. At the 5-yard line it suddenly bounded straight into the air and went over the bar.

Except for this accidental score the final result would have been nothing to nothing. Dartmouth played a magnificent, snappy game all the way without slackening speed for an instant. In everything but punting she had the best of it, and in handling punts she entirely outclassed the Princeton backs, whose fumbling and slow starting after catching punts was a feature of the play in every quarter.

Except when driven into danger the Tigers seemed willing to play on the defensive, and even at that they often failed to stop Llewellyn, Morey, Hogsett and Barends, who could drive through the eye of a needle and keep on running. Princeton didn't show her real strength as she did against Harvard. There were no injuries worth mentioning, and throughout the game the play was fast and clean.

Way down in old New Jersey, in that far off jungle land, There lives a Princeton Tiger who will eat right off your hand. But when he gets in battle with the other beasts of prey He frightens them almost to death in this peculiar way.

WOW, WOW, WOW-WOW, hear the Tiger roar! WOW, WOW, WOW-WOW, rolling up the score! WOW, WOW, WOW-WOW, better move song!

That was the greeting Princeton rooters gave Dartmouth today, and the Dartmouth rooters came back with a roaring cheer. Before the customary battle cries were over Princeton and Dartmouth came trotting out Princeton was first.

Some of Princeton's regulars, Duff and Wilson, were out of the lineup, and Pennington was to be tried out again at quarter.

FIRST PERIOD.

Yough kicked off for Princeton. After a few punts exchanged with much advantage on either side Llewellyn dropped back and on a fake kick skinned clean around Princeton's right end and cleared a full twenty-five yards before he was driven out of touch by Baker. Dartmouth wildly excited sailed for a "steamboat yell." "Ah-long whistle, boom-boom, long hiss!"

As if encouraged by this weird combination of sounds, Dartmouth began twisting the Tigers' tail. Time and again on punts Princeton's backs were tackled before they could gain an inch. Dartmouth's ends were lightning fast, and the Tiger line was so leaky that Morey, sent through Phillips, evaded seven eager would-be tacklers in a crowded field, and dodged along twenty yards before Pennington got him. Again, after an exchange of punts, Morey slipped through the Tiger line full of holes, and sailed very neatly. The end of the first quarter found the ball in mid-field, with no score.

SECOND PERIOD.

De Witt kicked. More punts, and then Llewellyn went around Dunlap for seven yards. Dartmouth was playing the swiftest and snappiest kind of a game. She risked getting the needed three yards through the line and barely failed. De Witt kicked, and now happened a surprising thing. The light-punching, green-jerseyed boys began punting the Tiger line full of holes, before they held the Tigers had been driven back to their 20-yard line.

Here Dartmouth lined up to try for a field goal. The ball rose beautifully, and while every Princeton heart stopped beating, sailed slowly along toward the goal posts. But it missed by a foot. A moment later Princeton was safe out in mid-field. Here Pennington had his chance, and it looked like another long run with a score at the end of it, but

LINEUP.		
Princeton.	Position.	Dartmouth.
White	L. E.	Baker
Hart	L. T.	Block
Morey	L. G.	Wright
Blondenthal	A. G.	Gibson
Brown	R. E.	Farnum
Phillips	R. T.	Engelhardt
Pennington	R. G.	Dana
Baker	L. S. B.	Llewellyn
Baker	L. S. B.	Phillips
Dewitt	R. H. B.	Dudley
Vanhook	E. B.	Snow
Official Referee		Referee
Nelly West Point, manager.	Hall, head linesman	
Costello, Cornhill, field judge.		